

APRIL 1903

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CENTER OF VISION





THE CENTER OF VISION.

Published in the interest of the
students of the Massachusetts Normal
Art. School.

TEN CENTS PER COPY.

Articles for insertion may be addressed
to Editor C. of V., Mass. Normal Art Sch.

VOL. I APRIL ≈ 1903 NO. 1

"With apologies to whom they are due." Ed.

OUR PURPOSE.

The CENTER OF VISION is a novelty in
school journalism, launched by certain members of
Class A who recognize the need of something to
awaken class spirit, to reach the individual
pupil, and to promote a unity of interest in all
matters concerning the student body.

It is proposed to issue monthly this little paper
in a constantly improved form and to make it the
central point of convergence for all matters of
school interest, and to fill it with the kind of
news items that will especially appeal to you.

The success or failure of this enterprise
depends entirely upon you. Is it not?
How many see that?

TO MR. VESPER GEORGE.

We hope you will not be offended but blue
was the only color in which we could blue-print.

COMPETITION.

We wish to have a different cover
design each month, and for that, as well as
head pieces, illustrations, articles, class notes,
etc. we solicit your contributions.

The cover designs must be done in india
ink on transparent paper, not more than $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$,
and must contain the words CENTER OF VISION,
MAY, 1903

The loan of photographic negatives, suitable
for publication in the May issue, is also
desired.

All contributions used will receive
suitable recognition. The question of
awarding prizes is to be considered

We suggest that you use a nom-de-plume
in submitting contributions.

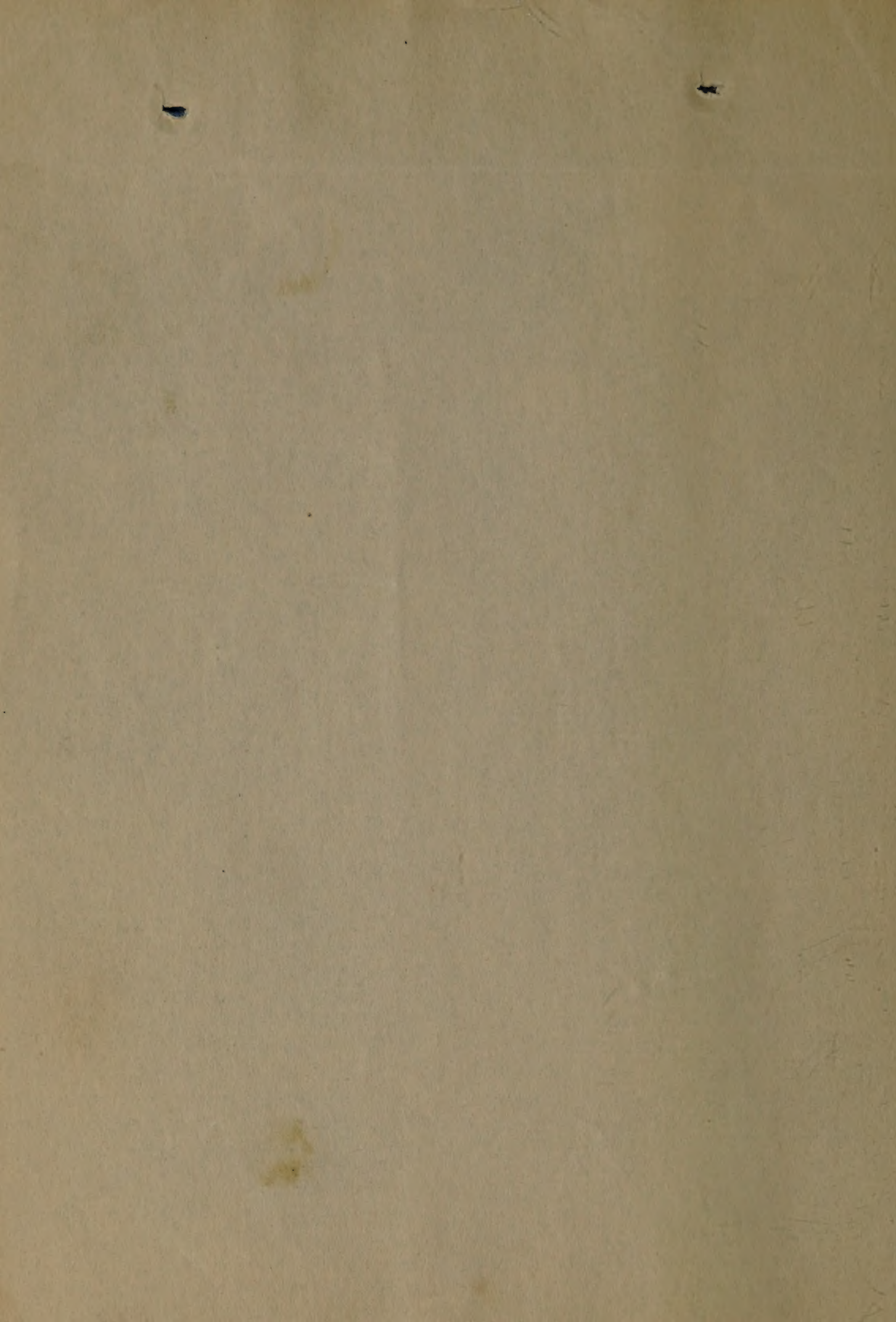
Do not criticise this paper
adversely till you have asked yourself
if you could do better yourself. If you
can honestly answer in the affirm-
ative, please interview the Editor.
You are just the one we want to see.

Suggestions for the improvement
of the CENTER OF VISION will always
be welcome

We have observed several
defects in the printing of this copy
due to our lack of experience in this
novel method of reproduction which we
can promise, will be eliminated in our
future numbers

Remember that this first copy
is issued without capital. If it sells
well we may gain enough to satisfy
the critics.

In the beginning of our career we
wish to discourage, before it appears, the
obnoxious habit of reading your neighbors
paper. Read your own. It only costs
one cent more than a sheet of Whatman's.





HEARD IN THE STUDIOS.

What excuse might the Cross division have for backwardness?

It is said that Mr. Cross has a Knapp in his studio every day.

If this paper is the Center of Vision, where are the vanishing points? In the lunch room at twelve.

Why will the Andrew division never soar very high in the artistic world? Because it has but one wing.

Why is Handsome Harry like a certain tropical tree?

Because he is usually heavily laden with dates.

It is rumored one of the sweepers tripped and fell on the stairs. Did anyone hear a chocolate drop?

With a Priest and Parsons in the same studio we ought to be good. We regret that the period of Hemming has passed.

We have at least one Goodman.

Ben, John, Wat, and Victor, are among those whose sons entered this year.

We are glad to see Miss Bigelow back with us. Although somewhat handicapped by her prolonged absence, we are confident that her quiet perseverance will soon make up for lost time.

Why are the final exams like a tin can tied to a dog's tail? They are fur to the end and bound to occur.

I wonder whose trade mark this is? I think I saw it on a level one day.

REBUS.

My first is a state, which we know very well;

Where our heroes in battle for freedom first fell;

My second a state too, we wish it alway.

One which nature bestows when her laws we obey:

My third man's invention and wise men all tell.

It consists in doing the right thing well.

My fourth is an institution so grand.

Its name is known broadly throughout all the land.

My whole our own fourth, by which we are versed.

In teaching my third in the fourths of my first.

(Ans. published next month.)

A suggestion for the new pin of the PIETAS, that famous lunch club of our class, whose members (except Ritchie) set such a good example to the upper class-men.

Membership fee, one pie.

And by-the-way, if anyone plays any pranks on you, and you don't know who it is, just lay for Ritchie and you'll probably strike it right.

Just keep your eye on fox little Ritchie. there's no knowing where he may break out next.

How do we know that Spring is here? We have heard the harbinger in Andrew's studio.





A NIGHTMARE.

Last night in my sleeping, strange fancies came creeping,
When town's busy traffic had ceased
When the city's great numbers lay wrapped in their slumbers,
And the moon arose high in the East
And I dreamed my life ended, I to Hades descended,
Where by Fate I was doomed to sojourn,
There to study, though fainting, perspective and painting,
Which on earth I'd neglected to learn.
As I entered thru straightway, a massive arched gateway,
And behind me closed fast the great door,
I beheld there invective, fierce problems perspective,
Which encompassed me round by the score.
But I raised such a rumpus, with pencil and compass,
That before me by dozens they fell,
Model theory tame, and geometry came,
But I conquered them both very well.
Then designs with great wings, and strange looking things,
Flew around, and the sight did confound me,
Till I fain would have flown, if I had n't well known,
They were made by the schoolmates around me.
Then fearless and bold, like a brave knight of old,
I fought with "proportion" uncouth,
Then "spotting", and "value", and numberless charts,
Then "scale", "radiation", and "growth".
But, lo and behold, came a demon so bold,
When I'd thought that my troubles were done,
And he said with a leer, "Pray be of good cheer,"
For the worst part is yet still to come."
And he lead me along, with a hand fierce and strong,
Through a corridor both long and narrow,
Till we came to a room, where I saw very soon,
A sight which my feelings did harrow.
For there in that room, I found 'twas my doom,
Water colors to "tickle" and "fuss,"
Till I'd mastered the art, and I felt in my heart,
For a mortal no fate could be "wuss".
It so horrid did seem, that I woke from my dream,
Oh! Joy! 'Twas a dream and no more,
And if I have passed, this will sure be my last.
Water color I'll study no more.

Echo; — no more !!!

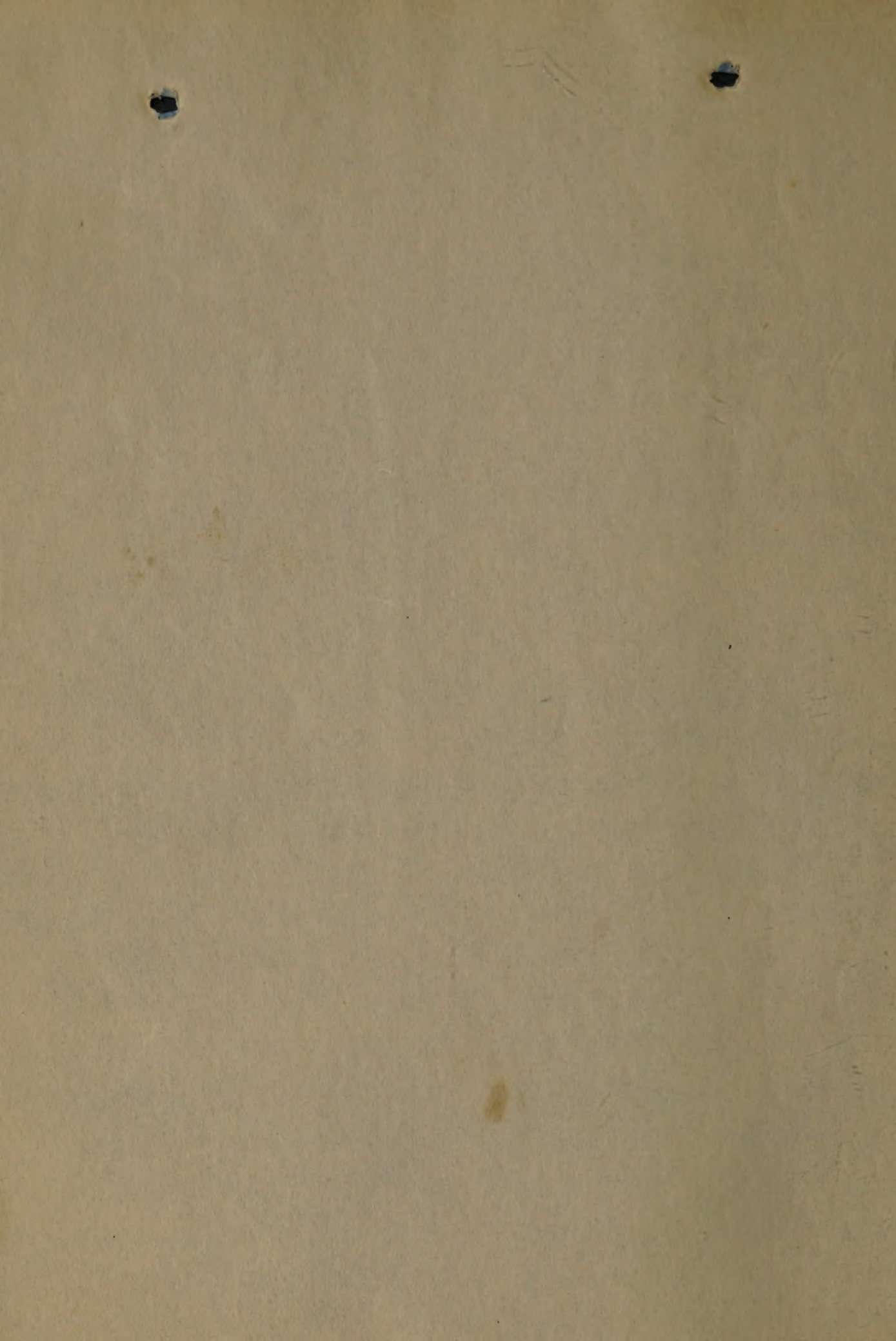
By A VICTIM.





Perspective' vanish chance. As we sadly
es into space and dust our chapeaux
becomes as tho' it a voice from the side
never had been. walk carols "You just

At the union of the wouldn't hardly not
two streets, Newbury ice it at all." and one
and Exeter, stands of our party snaps,
the imposing edifice, "Well, who doubts it?"
to-wards which I so As we enter the
gladly turn my steps. office and leave our
Upon my journey, I names upon the table
overtake some of my (we have no further
fellow students and to use for them there
gether we move on, as we use only our
a jolly procession. At the locker numbers dur-
corner of Boyleston and ing school hours) the
Exeter Sts. our hats clang of the "Assem
are plucked from our bling bell, we ilde d
heads and whirled in by a sturdy arm, rings
to the dust by a play thro' the hall, office
ful morning breeze and studios. We trip
that has been hanging down and then fall
around since five that up all sorts of stairs
morning with its hands in our haste to get
in its pockets wait- there and arrive in
ing for just such a the third corridor in



time to hear with breath-
less awe, a voice ring
out above the noise "It
is time you had your
materials and were
at work. Your locker
numbers, please." That
always makes me cross.
You see, it is just as I
said, everyone wants
our locker numbers and
yet, altho' we are always
giving them away we
always keep them. Every
one seems to have a good-
ly supply except Smith,
who must certainly have
given all his away to
one of our instructors who
is now prepared to sup-
ply the public with the
very best locker num-
bers from Smith's Man-
ufacturing Co.

We hastily seize our
drawing-boards, stretch

ers or anything with-
in reach and sidle in
to the studio. Who is
that falling over a desk
His name begins with R
and contains a wealth
of letters: "Less noise,
please." I hear the whirr
of a Wing in one corner
where the "freak" is seek-
ing a nap, preparatory
to getting in some
stirring work later.

Our studios, this morn-
ing seem as cold as
Barnes and we wonder
if the janitor, in lieu of
coal, has been using
Greenwood. At this par-
ticular point we take
the the liberty to
freeze up until the
next issue.

Yours truly,
Pauline Potato-blossom

